

SOUTH CAROLINA'S NEWSWEEKLY

OSCEOLA



Nelson Rockefeller

GOP Golden Boys

by Jack Lynch

"Someone once said I'm so square that if I got high on LSD, I'd be sitting alone in a motel room with my wife, watching Lawrence Welk."

--U.S. Rep. Ben Blackburn, R-Ga.

FIRST DAY: Ben Blackburn, the Republican congressman from Georgia's Fourth District, was in a particularly happy mood. And why shouldn't he be? Here he was, at the Southern Republican Conference, surrounded by his own kind, the President's Middle America with southern accents and rightwing politics, folks who believed in the same things Blackburn believed: lower welfare payments, to the poor, higher defense contracts to the rich, law 'n' order, Ronald Reagan, and the emergence of a Republican majority in the new, new New South.

And Ben Blackburn, the only Republican congressman from Georgia, was a symbol of that emergence, a Southern Republican star for these

people. He was their boy. Just like the President.

Over 1200 Republicans flocked to the conference December 7-8 from all points in the South. This was the chance of a lifetime for many of them, a chance for the regular party worker, the average Joe or Jane, the guy or gal who made the party run, who kept it alive in face of overwhelming Democratic majorities, who would help it survive in the face of Watergate, to meet and hobnob with party leaders and national superstars.

And here they were now, in Atlanta, the hub of the South. Folks from the small towns of Arkansas, Mississippi, Louisiana, South Carolina and all the other states who gaped up at the Atlanta skyline, looked at each other and said, "Gee, this place sure ain't like Lipscomb, Ala."

Atlanta epitomizes the rising middle class of

(Continued on centerfold)

Private Mines, Public Problems

by Jon Buchan

The man stood outside Littlefield's Grocery just off Interstate 26 in Spartanburg County and pointed down the road and told me where to turn.

"You go see it. It's something to see, real pretty. Makes it look like it was out west somewhere."

He was talking about a tremendous hole in the ground, an abandoned vermiculite mine once operated by the W.R. Grace Company. He doesn't seem to find this hole or any of the others left behind by local mining operations offensive and neither do most of the other residents of the area. Mrs. Littlefield, who runs the grocery, is probably typical of community opinion on the subject. Her son-in-law works for W.R. Grace and she said mining is about the best thing that ever happened in the way of jobs to the populace in towns like Enoree and Ora. She said she has never thought much about whether the companies ought to fill in the holes and reclaim the land.

There are other people who don't think the holes are so pretty. Ed Babb, who runs a general store in Enoree, said he thinks the companies should be made to reclaim the land used for mining. He also complained that trucks hauling the crude vermiculite are often overloaded and damage the roads in the area at the expense of the taxpayers. Babb said that when the highway patrol brings its portable weighing stations into the area, the first drivers who get caught radio to warn the others.

Laurens County supervisor Furman Thompson said the trucks sometimes have harmed the roads. "We have had some damage from them traveling over our roads in the past. If

(Continued on page four)

Cashing In the Trash

osceola

"This script, it seems to me, is the work of professionals who yearned to be as charming as inspired amateurs can sometimes be."

Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.
"Between Time and Timbuktu"

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Editorial Board
Randal Ashley
Jonathan Buchan
Dick Harpootlian
John Norton
Jim Walser

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STAFF

Managing Editor Jim Walser
Senior Editors Jonathan Buchan
Dick Harpootlian
John Norton
Randal Ashley
Contributing Editors
(The Arts) Gary Ligi
(Music) Tom Priddy
Mike Smith
Tim Rogers
Design and Layout
Julie Britt Byrum
Jack Lynch
Contributors Dale Bailes,
Julie Britt Byrum, Terry
Dimond, Tom Dimond, Jane Dreher
Dan Harmon, Warren Kosinski,
Elaine Lavendar, Jack Lynch,
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Sales and Promotions Frances Hart
Alanna Venezia

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P. O. Box 5033
Columbia, S. C.
29250

Cheap Shots

Rep. Brantley Harvey, who formally announced his intention to seek the 1974 Democratic nomination for Lt. Governor is already out beating the bushes for support, trying to woo voters outside of the Lowcountry where his main support lies. And he's offering - and borrowing - a good idea or two along the way. Speaking in Gaffney last week, Harvey urged the establishment of a general accounting office for South Carolina, to be patterned after the federal GAO. With the role of state spending expanding tremendously each year, such an office could help keep track of where the taxpayers' money is going, and let the public have a better idea as well.

Rep. Marshall Cain, a Republican and a possible statewide candidate in the future, proposed the same thing last winter in the General Assembly, garnering a lot of yawns from his colleagues for his trouble.

Meanwhile in Democratic Party politics, Sen. Isadore Lourie (D-Richland) says he won't seek the Democratic nomination for Lt. Governor after all. Lourie has been seeking support among citizens' and student

groups for the past year or so, but announced last week that he won't seek the nomination, but will remain in the State Senate instead.

So for now, that leaves Brantley Harvey as the only announced candidate for the Democratic nomination.

The battle for St. Phillips Island continued last week as both sides met to discuss their differences and possible solutions (*Osceola*, November 23). O. Stanley Smith, the Columbia businessman who has purchased the South Carolina barrier island met with the executive board of the newly-formed S.C. Environmental Coalition. (The Environmental group is an amalgamation of various environmentally-oriented organizations across the state.)

Most of the private meeting, which took place at the offices of the Columbia Environmental Coalition, was conducted

quite civilly, according to one participant. Both sides carefully explored the other's positions and much of the discussion reportedly centered around the possibility of the Environmental Coalition's buying the island to prevent development. The meeting, however, ended on a bad note. As Smith rose to leave, he became involved in an argument with an EC member and each accused the other of spreading misleading information to the public.

Smith's proposed development stands in limbo at present because his request for a permit to build a bridge over Station Creek is still pending with the U.S. Coast Guard. Those opposing him say they are confident they can prevent development. The meeting, however, ended on a bad note. As Smith rose to leave, he became involved in an argument with an EC member and each accused the other of spreading misleading information to the public.

Smith's proposed development stands in limbo at present because his request for a permit to build a bridge over Station Creek is still pending with the U. S. Coast Guard. Those opposing him say they are confident they can prevent development of the island. As one opponent said after last Saturday's meeting, "If he's spending his Saturdays talking to us, he must be desperate."

Amidst persistent speculation that Lt. Gov. Earle E. Morris will pass up a bid for the governor's chair and leave it for a race between U. S. Congressman Bryan Dorn and General William Westmoreland, the unfortunate Lt. Guv walked right into a less serious, but embarrassing scene last week.

Two staff members of the Columbia State were experimenting with the "good Samaritanism" of the local populace by tying a female staff member to a light pole outside the State House and waiting to see who helped. Sure enough, before you could say Tar Baby, along happens Morris, who, according to the account of reporter Jackie Brooks, "strolled down the Capitol steps, gave a 'ho-hum' glance in Miss Patrick's direction—and continued to stroll...Morris finally waved at Miss Patrick, responding to his friend that he 'imagined she wanted to be tied up' so he didn't intend to interfere."

So much for the non-serious and back to the speculation. According to sources in Democratic Party headquarters, many of the big money supporters who have been backing Morris are turnin to the General as an alternative to Dorn. And Westmoreland seems to be running for something, as he moves around the state, talking to local business leagues.

In a talk over in the Pee Dee last week, Westmoreland, the man who did so much for the environment of Vietnam, claimed the energy crisis has had at least one positive note. "The energy crisis is going to put the ecology problem back in perspective," the general said. "Ecology is important, but we shouldn't let the tail wag the dog as we have done in the past." Hooray.

Special Notice

You're lucky.
We could blame this on the energy crisis, the economy, the newsprint shortage, or even Watergate.
But actually, we're just a little tired.
So in order to remedy that situation, and in order to allow everyone here to spend more time at home for the holidays, this will be the last edition of OSCEOLA published until early January when we will return.
After 24 consecutive editions, the break will allow us time to get ready for several major breaking stories, including coverage of the General Assembly when it also returns to town during January.
So hold on. We'll be right back.

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The Re-Cycling Circle

The earth is finite. So are its resources.

It seemed like such a simple realization when it began to gain acceptance in the United States in the late sixties and early seventies. The strategy adopted by many was to get the most out of what they used; the tactics were based on re-cycling. It all seemed very pat: just re-use what you first use, and all the problems are solved.

The earth and its resources are still finite—the present “energy crisis” has assured us of that—but the panacea of re-cycling seems to have lost out. Sure, there was the initial rush of re-cycling days and the early enthusiasm of volunteering to person the re-cycling centers, but the results are more form than substance. There are some interesting reasons why even the most easily gathered and re-cyclable materials—such as paper and glass—have not yet begun to form the full cycle of multiple use.

One of the early heroes of the re-cycling movement was the recycling center. Columbia has had several of these at various times, usually operated on a special “recycling day” basis by local environmental groups. The concept behind a “recycling day” was to make people aware of the “recycling consciousness” that lurks in most people, particularly those with healthy doses of Protestant ethic thriftiness. Once introduced to this tidy solution to waste problems, we were expected to become addicted to carrying our paper and

glass (green and clear, no brown accepted) to the recycling center on a regular, non-solicited basis.

Today in Columbia, there is one permanent re-cycling center, located behind Midlands TEC just off of Beltline Boulevard. It has had a stormy—if short—history. When a temporary center run by local environmental groups at a shopping center became too much for the groups' manpower to handle, a representative of the sponsoring groups contacted a member of the Columbia Organization of Human Services at Midlands TEC. (The Human Services group is an offshoot of one of the school's two-year programs.) A member of the service group agreed to help the sponsors with the center.

According to Steve Smith, present director of the Midlands TEC service group, the individual who agreed to accept the center failed to seek the authorization of the move by the service group's leaders, and he left the school soon after he accepted the center. So the service organization was stuck with a re-cycling center to which people began bringing paper and bottles by the trunkload. Because TEC's organization was short on manpower and uncertain whether they wanted to undertake such a task, a Columbia couple, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Huggins, managed the center on a volunteer basis for several months, using their Volkswagen pick-up truck.

Finally, last spring, the Huggins' told the

service group they would have to give up operation of the center. Within two weeks, the paper and glass had begun to pile up and the center resembled a trash heap. It immediately received some unfavorable publicity when *State* newspaper reporter Jack Truluck wrote an article claiming the center was becoming a haven for rats.

That's when Steve Smith and his organization made the commitment to manage the center. Now, once a week, they haul away four tons of newspaper—which presently sells at \$10 a ton, if it's all pure newsprint, or \$4 a ton if it's mixed. Last week they bought an old pick-up truck for \$300, which they hope to use to haul glass to Laurens, where it can be re-cycled. Smith says he has regained his old enthusiasm for recycling. “We were quiet about its existence for a long time, because there was a shortage of trucks. We used whatever people would let us borrow. But now, we're thinking about opening another station.”

If re-cycling were a profitable undertaking, there would surely be a ready source of operators of recycling operations. Smith said that because re-cycling has not proven “economically practical”—read profitable—most operations including his have had to rely on volunteer labor. He has

approached local dealers who handle metal “dumpster-type” containers about becoming involved with re-cycling operations, but Smith said they made it clear they weren't interested because handling glass is not profitable. The U. S. Army had promised earlier this fall to offer its trucks to haul the glass to Laurens, but now they say they can't afford to use the fuel.

Brion Blackwelder, of the Columbia Environmental Coalition, was involved with some of the early attempts at establishing re-cycling operations in Columbia, and because of his lack of success believes a program implemented by volunteers isn't practical. He said volunteer groups are usually temporary in nature, their responsibilities often are neglected during vacations and centers become junk heaps. Handling glass is a dangerous job for untrained volunteers, according to Blackwelder. He also said when newsprint gets wet—in an inefficient operation—it is unpleasant and worthless.

“I believe it is part of the sanitation department's job. They should do it all by themselves. The city should at least check out the cost of doing it. It is something the government should take over. We have shown them it is a good idea in principle, one that would receive good response is done on a regular schedule.”

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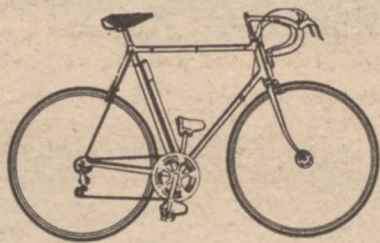
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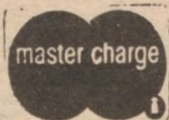
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Vermiculite Mining

continued from page one

they get on a road that's not usually subject to that kind of traffic, they can do some damage."

Laurens County supervisor Furman Thompson said the trucks sometimes have harmed the roads. "We have had some damage from them traveling over our roads in the past. If they get on the a road that's not usually subject to that kind of traffic, they can do some damage."

There are other problems. One 19-year-old girl who lives about a half-mile from the W.R. Grace processing plant in Laurens County explained about the fine grey dust left in huge waste heaps near her home. (Her father has worked for W.R. Grace and she preferred to remain unidentified.) "When I was little, we used to play in the waste piles and the dust was so fine it was like quicksand. But when the wind blows, the dust comes over like smog and settles on our cars and our house."

But for most, the jobs and the taxes outweigh the problems, the disadvantages of the dust, the bad roads, and the unreclaimed land. No one really knows what to do about the dust or the roads, but during its last session, the South Carolina legislature took some steps to assure that mined land gets reclaimed in the future. According to some observers, the reason mining legislation has received little attention in the past is that few people realized the extent of mining operations in South Carolina.

Yep, there's gold in them thar hills. But better than that, there's a lot of other minerals, in quantities worth more than the small amounts of known gold deposits. The two major mining products are kaolin, a clay used mainly to strengthen rubber products, and vermiculite, a lightweight fireproof mineral used in making insulation. South Carolina ranks second in the nation in the production of both minerals. In 1972, the total value of minerals produced in South Carolina exceeded \$72 million.

When vermiculite was first discovered in South Carolina in the late 1940s, prospectors for large national mining firms visited general stores in the upper part of the state and left samples of the kinds of rocks the sought. S.J. Waldrep, who lives a few miles outside of Enoree, recognized rocks on his land similar to those in the store and the mining companies sent men around to take a look. In 1947, the company that was eventually bought by W.R. Grace signed a lease for Waldrep's land and began mining.

They quit mining in 1967 and left the hole in the ground the man at Littlefield's had directed me to. It does resemble something from a western movie. The red clay hills drop sharply into the bottom of the mine, now covered with water. The eroded gullies on the pit's sides give the old mine a jagged look.

The unreclaimed land doesn't bother Waldrep. He said the company's lease runs out in three years, requiring the company to return the land to a state in which it will at least grow grass. But on the

other hand, nobody in that area can remember when a mining company actually did reclaim an abandoned vermiculite mine.

Last summer, the General Assembly passed legislation which established some state control over mining and set up a Mining Council to help oversee these regulations. The bill was supported by many who have been identified with environmental interests in the past. The mining industry offered little opposition, though it tried to influence various aspects of the

effects on the health and safety of the land, the people, or the adjoining lands. And more significantly, the bill requires the mining company to reclaim the land after it has completed mining operations.

While the actual permit process will be handled by the existing Land Resources Conservation Commission, the newly-formed Mining Council will have the power to influence the director of the commission and to consider appeals from companies who have been denied a permit.

The Mining Council is made up of 12 members. Three were

the Columbia Audubon Society and has been an active and often controversial environmental voice in the past.

Campbell is knowledgeable about mining in South Carolina. He said in an interview last week that there are about 190 mines in the state, seeking - besides kaolin and vermiculite - sand, gravel, calcium, clay, granite, and other types of building rock.

Campbell said he is being realistic about the goals of the mining council. He said the bill contains requirements for bonding before mining operations begin and for penalties if the mining firms fail to reclaim the land.

Gravel Company in Cheraw, and Ralph Ellenburg, an Easley asphalt producer. The three appointees from "non-government conservation interests" are Dr. Frank Caruccio, from the University of South Carolina Department of Geology, Hon. Henry B. Richardson, a Sumter attorney, and Bill Campbell. Dr. Caruccio, who has been selected as president of the council, has had experience consulting with clients from big business firms to NATO.

The other members include C.M. Shiver of the Board of Health and Environmental Control, William C. Lott, of the Water Resources Commission, Sen. Lanue Floyd of Williamsburg County (Senate appointee), Rep. John Waller of Marion County (House appointee), Robert L. Wingard of the State Development Board, and Norman K. Olson, the state geologist.)

A particularly interesting aspect of the bill is a provision that establishes as one of the main functions of the Mining Council the hearing of appeals from companies who have been denied a permit by the Land Resources Conservation Commission. Campbell said that in the Council's organizational meetings, no one has discussed the possibility of expanding the appellate process to include complaints of opponents of mining operations which have been approved by the commission. He said he thinks the appellate process should include the hearing of complaints of such opponents to specific approved operations.

While many proponents of the mining act have emphasized the forward step of including reclamation requirements for industry, Campbell cautioned against expecting industry to foot the bill. He said that the costs of reclamation would be passed onto the consumer in the form of higher prices for some goods and to the taxpayer for the gravel and other mined materials used in building state projects.

When S.J. Waldrep drove me back onto his farm in his old green pick-up truck to look at his old vermiculite mine, he told me he does prospecting on his own these days. There was a broken hand-pick and some strange colored rocks on the dash - he has his own small laboratory outside his home. We got out of the truck and walked over to gaze down at the water-covered hole. He pointed to a large hawk gliding along one rock wall. He said he was working now for "a company out of Chicago," a competitor of W.R. Grace. He thinks he's found a new deposit of vermiculite worth mining and the company might open it up next year.

Like the man at Littlefield's said, a lot of folks think those holes in the ground are pretty. But at least with the new mining laws, they'll have a choice. It'll be interesting to see in whose interests the mining council will be operated: the public's or the industry's.



S. J. Waldrep and the vermiculite mine

legislation. One legislator who supported the bill said he thought the industry was glad to see some type of state bill to regulate mining before the federal government decided to step into the legal vacuum.

The bill, which will take effect July 1, 1974, requires mining companies to obtain permits from the state before they can begin operations. An applicant for a permit must provide evidence that his operation will not have adverse

appointed by the governor from nominations made by South Carolina environmental groups, three were nominated by industry, and six more came from other areas of state government. One of the more interesting members has ties to both the community of organized environmentalists and to the mining industry. Bill Campbell, who was nominated to the Council by the Environmental Coalition, is an executive with Richtex Brick Company of Columbia, one of the major miners of South Carolina clay. Campbell is past-president of

"On the other hand," he said, "it is not a truly restrictive bill. There are various procedures written into the bill to provide redress for industry. It gives more than adequate relief to industry." Though one legislator who supported the bill said he thinks the council favors industry, Campbell said he thinks the council is "well-balanced."

(The three appointees from the mining industry are W. Perry Gill, of the Deerfield Sand and Gravel company in Ridgeland, Harry H. Kamp, of the Becker Sand and

Re-Cycling Problems

continued from page three

There are some government entities, however, who are beginning to regard re-cycling operations as civic responsibilities on the part of police and fire departments. Madison, Wisconsin, for example, has for the past three years equipped its refuse trucks with special bins for collecting bundled newspapers at the street on a regular weekly basis. The operation, after running in the red for months, now pays its own way.

Columbia city manager Gray Olive says the city has "talked about" permanent re-cycling operations but "hasn't decided anything." He says he feels the city could establish a center, but would have problems funding and finding the labor to handle the operation. He said that the city at present does re-cycle some newsprint and corrugated paper, mostly gathered from local department stores. Warren Giese, chairman of the Richland County Council, says the idea of county-sponsored re-cycling has just never come up, but that a major obstacle to collecting even paper for re-cycling would be coordination of operations by the 16 or so garbage franchises.

As paper prices in general and newsprint prices in particular continue to climb, paper re-cycling is becoming a profitable little industry in Columbia. I. V. Sutphin is presently the only plant in Columbia which purchases paper for re-cycling. According to plant manager Charles Johnson, the company is now paying \$20 per ton for corrugated paper, such as cardboard, and \$10 a ton for newsprint. He said these prices have been constant for the past two years.

Because there are only two plants in the county which can properly de-ink and recycle old newsprint into new newsprint—one in New Jersey and one on the West Coast—I. V. Sutphin shreds the paper here and prepares it for shipment to mills which make paper for egg cartons and detergent boxes.

After January, industry sources say the price paid by such plants for newsprint will probably double to about \$20 a ton (\$1 per 100 pounds). Johnson said if such a price increase brings an increase in the supply of newsprint, the paper will either handle it with its present capacity or expand. "We'll never get too much," he said.

The business is looking so good that the Sonoco Company of Hartsville announced last week plans to build two similar plants in South Carolina. One of these will be located in Hartsville and the other in Columbia. The \$140,000 facility will be located near the Coliseum on Green Street.

With these facilities and the expected higher prices encouraging efforts to re-cycle paper, there is a good chance more of the local supply will eventually be re-used instead of relegated to landfills. One possibility would be that a good percentage of the roughly 150,000 newspapers which originate from the two Columbia newspapers will be re-cycled. For example, if only half of the 2,100 tons of paper used by the State-Record Company each year were collected and cashed in by the city at \$20 per ton, the city would gross \$210,000. That figure, combined with paper collected from other sources such as department stores, could possibly finance the operation.

There are some other apparent disadvantages, however, to the complete recycling of newsprint. According to Berwin Blessing, who is involved with the purchasing of newsprint for the Columbia newspapers, the re-cycled product is inferior to "virgin" newsprint. "You wouldn't use it unless you had to. It doesn't hold color well, for example. I mean, who would you like,



your beer warmed over? But it's a new art, and it could get better."

Or then again, he might have to use it eventually. Blessing said he expects newsprint prices to reach \$250 a ton by June, 1974.

Perhaps the point of it all is the principle behind it. Depending on the soothsayer being quoted at any moment, our natural resources, if consumed at their present rate,

will only last so long. Eventually, earthlings will be forced to adopt a less wasteful—and a more thoughtful—life style. Starting with the obvious materials of glass and paper is really only a primer.

The future of paper recycling looks promising and ultimately practical. The future of glass recycling looks less so, despite industry attempts for years to interest the public with the uses of re-cycled glass: from chicken feed to glassphalt. In fact, industry spokesmen are increasingly pushing the concept of returnable bottles for beverages such as soft drinks and beer.

Oregon has been experimenting with legislation passed some time ago banning the sale of beverages in non-returnable containers, including metal cans. Supporters of the plan say littering has dwindled to a fraction of its former scale and that consumers are becoming accustomed to the relative minor "inconvenience." Vermont, on the other hand, recently passed a less stringent law than Oregon's, and is having extreme difficulty enforcing it.

Several South Carolina environmentalists who have long supported re-cycling operations said this week they have received vocal support from some legislators interested in producing a form of the "Oregon bottle bill" in the South Carolina legislature during the next session. The bill, as now conceived, would require beer containers—which are now mostly metal in this state—to be returnable. But that battle is yet to come.

In the meantime, it is interesting to note the sentiment of author Arthur Hadley writing in *New Times* magazine recently. His specific topic was the energy crisis, but his words are applicable here. "Oil executives, most politicians, and environmentalists have all drunk from the same polluted American well and imbibed the dream that our resources are limitless. The same kind of thinking produced the hallucination we could win in Vietnam and still have the great society because we were so powerful."

—Jon Buchan



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The Starting Line-Up

(Continued from page one)

the New South, a group that is gradually migrating to the Republican Party. Some see the Party of Yankee Abraham Lincoln more in line with their racial views these days than the party of Thomas Jefferson. Others see it as a vehicle to outflank the overcrowded Democratic Party and advance themselves politically. And still others honestly see themselves working to provide the South with a much-needed two-party system.

But their party is under siege now for political scandals, for things that people always suspected went on in politics but were still somewhat shocked when they found to what extent it did and does. These New Republicans, men and women whose daddies, granddaddies, and great-granddaddies had always voted Democratic, need reassurance. That was what the conference in Atlanta was all about...

The Regency Hyatt House shoots up 23 stories over the City of Atlanta, with a spaceship-like dome at its top. But the real surprise is when you go inside for the first time and look up. There is no ceiling above the lobby for 23 stories. Hotel rooms line the walls of the Regency, with balconies looking down into the lobby. Supposedly, several despondent persons have plunged to their deaths from these towering heights, grossing out both patrons and the maintenance help who have to clean up the mess.

The main question on the minds of many of the Republicans who assembled in Atlanta was "Will Nixon come?" Word had been leaked earlier in the week that Nixon would probably not come, despite initial reports that he would. The energy crisis, you know.

"The President doesn't want it to look like he's wasting precious gas by flying down to a partisan gathering," said Bob Shaw, Georgia GOP state chairman.

But anyway, many reasoned, if the President couldn't make it, maybe the new Spiro Agnew, Vice President Gerald Ford, could.

Friday night was a night to have a good time. The Republicans were in good moods, hardly wallowing in Watergate. And many were quite drunk.

Earlier in the day they had stood and cheered when GOP National Chairman George Bush had told them in the

conference's opening session that burgeoning homefront support for the President would greet Congressmen returning for Christmas vacation in their home districts. "In my opinion, when these men go home, the people are going to say, 'Get off his back!'" the President's former United Nations ambassador said.

But that was business and this was pleasure. A Gala Rally, wow! That's the American political tradition. Especially with eight bars, and a table full of shrimp, beef, and baby lamb chops and other expensive delicacies. No recession here.

Strangely enough, as drunk as some of the multitude seemed to be, the eight bars in the ballroom where the Gala Rally was being held were uncrowded. The Republicans seemed to go more for the expensive foods, though most of them had drinks in their hands. The bars, all too often, were the domain of the newsmen.

Both New York Gov. Nelson A. Rockefeller and former Treasury Secretary John Connally walked through the ballroom, amid the splash of camera lights and the baying of newsmen and autograph hounds.

"Oh, isn't Connally handsome..."

"Rockefeller is so underpaid as governor..."

"I can see how the President trusted him to be treasury secretary..."

"But don't you think he's a little, you know, too liberal to be president..."

Yes, these were the words of the Republican matrons, awed by the national political superstars in their presence. Rocky might be nice, but, despite the impressions of Time magazine (which says national Republicans prefer Rockefeller to Connally), Connally was one of them: a Southern Democrat turned Republican when the Demos became too liberal. Their true love, of course, was the arch-conservative actor-turned-governor of California, Ronald Reagan, but they wouldn't mind Connally as their next president. The Rock they could stomach...maybe.

But on with the show.

"Will everybody in the house HUSH!" shouted Georgia's Bob Shaw from the podium. "Close down those bars! And will all you folks in the back please tell the fella next to you to HUSH!"

The band struck up "Dixie."

"O, I wish I was in the land of cotton..."

Hundreds of Southern Republicans jumped up and started

to cheer, shout and dance. The rebel yell was loud and clear (especially since it was fueled by Rebel Yell).

"...old times there are not forgotten..."

Many in the crowd, with cliché-like daggers in their eyes, looked angrily at the minority of newsmen who dared to remain seated when the national anthem was being played.

"...look away, look away, look away, Dixieland..."

But few persons realized that the newsmen stayed in their seats, not out of disrespect for the Southerners, but because they were too drunk to stand.

"...O, I wish I was in Dixie, hooray, hooray,

"In Dixieland, I'll take my stand, to live and die in Dixie,

"Away, away, away down South in Dixie,

"Away, away, away down South in Dixie."

YAAA-A-A-A-A-HAH-HOOOOOO!!!!

"I tell you, don't that make you feel better than anything else," exclaimed Shaw.

But the drunks in the back again started gabbing.

"Come on back there, quiet down!" Shaw said. "Well, if you won't stop, this'll stop you."

The band played the "Star-Spangled Banner."

This time everyone stood up, even the newsmen, with drinks in their hands and cigarettes in their mouths. Most of the Republicans had more respect for the occasion.

Once the nation's national anthem was over, Shaw walked up to the microphone again and said, "SHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

"All you acted real rude in the back. Git some couth about you and come on up!" he shouted.

The rest of the newsmen and the few Republicans left the bars.

After a few more remarks, he turned the microphone over to happy Ben Blackburn.

"The best hope for America, the best hope for free man lies in the Republican Party today," Blackburn said. He then introduced some of the South's young prospects for a Republican majority.

Thaddeus Cochran of Mississippi suggested, in his presentation, a solution to the energy crisis: "Cut off some of the hot air and all of the lights of NBC." (This was a theme pursued by most of the speakers).

Florida Congressman Skip Bafalis said the Watergate complex in Washington, D. C. was now called "the Chappaquiddick Inn, run by Bobby Baker, with Billy Sol Estes as manager and Teddy Kennedy as swimming coach."

But it took Tennessee Congressman Lamar Baker to express what was really on the minds of many Republicans. Baker said a fellow Republican told him: "We've got to get crime out of the White House and into the streets where it belongs."

Unlike other jokes, it drew few laughs. It hit too close to home and many Republicans just sat there quietly shaking their heads.

South Carolina's own Harry Dent, ex-presidential aide, told Republicans that "in 1976, you, the Republican Party, are going to save not just the Republican Party, but the Republic itself."

There were a few other speakers, but the Republicans were eager for the main event—The Rock himself.

The band struck up "Sweet Georgia Brown", Rocky's alleged theme song, as New York's semi-permanent governor came to the podium.

Rockefeller holds a somewhat unique position in American politics. A millionaire who claims to have befriended the poor, the grandson of arch-reactionary John D. Rockefeller the first who says he is a liberal, Republican governor of an almost overwhelmingly Democratic state which he rules like a fiefdom, almost perennial candidate for President of the United States, Rockefeller, though he emphatically denies it, is on the campaign trail again for another try for the presidency.

And for that prize, Rocky is more than willing to swallow his pride. Consider his defense of the President, a man whom he opposed and attacked in two separate primary campaigns. The President, now that he is the President, has rebuffed the Rock several times, most recently within the last two weeks when Rocky and Abe Beame, New York's Mayor-Elect, sought an audience with him to discuss mass transit in New York. The President refused to even meet the new mayor, never mind even discuss transit proposals with him, to the obvious embarrassment of Rockefeller. Yet now here's Rocky on the stump for the President, with nothing but kind words for his former foe.

"Let's not forget what the President has done for our country," Rockefeller told the cheering crowd. "We've got a



"Nurse! Quick! Nelson's hallucinating again!"



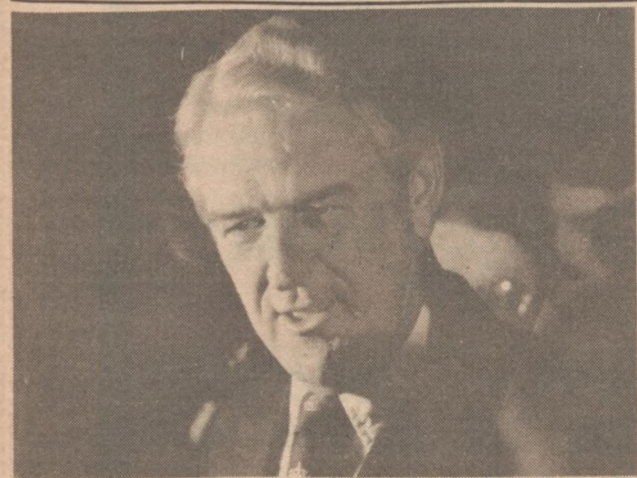
Ronald Reagan

President whose got the courage to deal with his international problems and deal with them straight."

For Rockefeller, "Watergate's a national tragedy...but it's an individual tragedy, not a tragedy of the Party or the system."

Rockefeller, the former liberal, played up to his conservative Southern audience, telling them that under his administration New York state is removing "welfare chiselers" from the rolls and driving the hard pushers off the streets. Of course, it would be impolite to mention that under the 15-year Rockefeller reign in New York, the number of welfare recipients and drug pushers skyrocketed.

And though Rocky's never been one to think twice before spending more money pushing New York's debt up to the



John Connally

\$10 billion mark, he told the money-conscious Southerners, "when they (Republicans) talk about Congress cutting back on spending, that's a wonderful thing. We've [the U.S.] been spending 20 to 30 percent over revenue." Just like they do in New York.

Despite Rockefeller's appeals to the President to bail out New York City's transit system, he was not a bit reluctant to say, "We're going to have to stop looking to Washington for all our answers...In fact, we're going to have to stop looking to government at any level and start looking to ourselves." A terrific statement to make when your family is one of the chief stockholders of the Chase Manhattan Bank and Exxon Oil.

But despite these appeals, Rockefeller was just too-too-too "liberal" for the southern Republicans. At the outset of his speech, he told the crowd that he had not yet made up his mind as to whether he would run again. About five persons responded to that and Rockefeller quickly interjected "for governor". Embarrassed laughter and belated applause followed.

And even on his political future, Rockefeller continued to trip up. He had told reporters earlier that Friday that he would announce Jan. 9 whether he would resign. Yet the following week he announced he was resigning. Probably a hangover from "Operation Candor."

SECOND DAY: Senator Strom Thurmond of guess where and Presidential possibility John Connally opened Saturday's

session. Thurmond, who had introduced Connally, asked Republicans after Big John's speech, "Ladies and gentlemen, doesn't he sound like a president?"

Described later by the *Atlanta Journal-Constitution* as delivering a "rousing speech" and a "rip-roaring pep talk", Connally told Republicans that the President's accomplishments were "perhaps the greatest any president in this century."

He reassured them that Watergate and other such scandals would not seriously hamper Republican candidates next fall.

"Do you believe that we are a people so blind as to hold against a candidate for the state legislature or the county commission or the courthouse...something people did in Washington?" Connally asked a crowd whose grandfathers and fathers had held the Civil War against the GOP for nearly a hundred years.

"That's a class indictment," he said. "We threw out class indictments with McCarthyism and anyone who believes otherwise has no faith in the American people, our Party, or our system of government."

Connally assured Republicans that the GOP is "the only hope for the future of this nation."

A protest contingent of about 400 persons (200 by police estimates, 600 according to demonstrators) was marching outside the Regency Hyatt House about 6:30 Saturday night, hoping, almost as much as the Republicans inside, that the President would show up.

The protestors had brought along their own Nixon. Wearing the mask of death which looked all too closely like the face of the President, the commander-in-chief of the protest army danced around with his hands held high giving the "V" sign with his fingers as protestors marched around him. Complete with presidential paunch, missing tapes, and dollar bills falling out of his pockets, the presidential pretender probably could have convinced some of the assembled Republicans that he was the nation's embattled leader.

"Get down, Nixon; get a job! Go to work, you dirty slob!" the demonstrators shouted, carrying signs calling for the President's ouster. Other signs urged motorists along Peachtree Street to honk for impeachment. Many did.

South Carolinian Brett Bursey claimed to have brought 40 protestors, including the pseudo-president, from the Palmetto State. Bursey, of course, is no novice when it comes to organizing demonstrations; in fact, he was indicted following anti-war demonstrations at the University of South Carolina in 1970. Bursey's co-defendant was alleged to be a police informer and Bursey is now suing SLED Chief Pete Strom for \$100,000 for allegedly violating his constitutional rights. Bersey says that if he wins, he's going to build a J. Pete Strom Memorial Socialist Youth Center in Columbia.

But for most of the Republicans, these protestors, like the Vietnam Moratorium protestors of four years before who demonstrated right outside the President's door, went unheard.

Within the bowels of the Regency Hyatt House, the downstairs bars were packed, not just with newsmen, but this time with Republicans who needed a reprieve from the Watergate blues and the business of the people. Considerably

more people were whopping it up for Saturday night, getting it on for Ronald Reagan.

Senator John Tower was the first major speaker of the evening and told the GOP, "It's times like this when I'm proud my greatgrandfathers were part of the thin, gray line."

"YAAAAHHHH-HOOOO!!!" the crowd shouted.

"[Some] observers are dismayed that we are not upset by the gloom of Watergate," Tower said. "...but I'd rather be charged with blind loyalty than desert by captain because a public mood or expediency dictated it."

The Republicans cheered. But Tower was only the warm-up speaker. The main event, imported from the wilds of California, was yet to come.

Ronald Reagan had progressed a long way from his movie days. In the 1940's he was one of the most liberal actors in California, serving in the late '40's as president of the Screen Actors Guild. Now he was one of the most conservative politicians in California, serving in the late '60s and early '70s as governor.

Ronald Reagan was not like Rocky or Connally. He had not tainted his early life with the mud and grime of local politics. No, he was an actor, the good-guy star of "B" movies. Who can ever forget his role as pitcher Grover Cleveland Alexander, the pride of the Yankees and a member of the Baseball Hall of Fame. Alexander was one of the best pitchers ever to play in either league. But his ability was slightly tarnished by one slight problem—he was rarely sober enough to stand up. But that isn't how Ronald Reagan portrayed it. No sir, Hollywood couldn't make a movie about some drunk baseball player, even if he was one of the greatest. It would destroy the fabric of American youth. Rather, Reagan explained Alexander as a victim of circumstances; a man victimized because he got hit in the head with a baseball.

And now, Ronald Reagan was in Atlanta, surrounded by a Hollywood aura of innocence, explaining that the President was also a victim of circumstances: a man hit in the head with a ball called Watergate.

"There are some who would destroy a man in order to destroy the mandate of 1972," said Reagan with all the sincerity he had used to sell 20 Mule Team Borax on TV's "Death Valley Days."

He said the Party would survive the attacks brought upon it because of the Watergate scandal "...but for America's sake, let's get on with the business of government."

Reagan praised the Southern Republican, saying "there is a Southern Strategy and this country is better for it." He said he could identify with them because he, like them, had left the Democratic Party for the GOP. Quoting the British Prime Minister Winston Churchill, he said "some men change principles for party; some change party for principle."

To the delight of the Republicans, Reagan lashed into the Democrats, blaming them for the inflationary condition of the economy and for the state the nation is in internationally.

"The inflation we're dealing with today is a planned policy of the New Deal, the Fair Deal, the New Frontier, and the Great Society," he said.

Reagan said, "the programs, not the problems, are their [the Democrats] very reason for existence."

Not mentioning the President's own tax woes, Reagan hit progressive income tax policies, saying "confiscatory taxes bear a Democratic trademark."

And like Rockefeller, though not so hypocritically, Reagan attacked government spending and welfare chiselers. "For something to get something he didn't earn means someone earns something he didn't get," Reagan said.

He said when he tried to give back \$800 million in tax rebates in California, the big-spending Democrats squawked. "When you suggest giving that much money back, it's like standing between the hog and the bucket."

And then Reagan, with tears in his eyes, told of the return of American prisoners of war from North Vietnam. He said the POWs thought Americans would be ashamed of them and were happily surprised when they received heroes' welcomes.

Reagan said one of the most pleasant things he had done while governor was to host POWs in his home upon their return. The audience all had tears in their eyes. All, except the Associate Press reporter who cursed, "Goddammit to Hell! That's the same goddamn story he told earlier this week in California."

But the Republicans were satisfied. And they left the conference knowing that even if their President was sacrificed to the ungrateful mob, competent administrators such as Reagan, Connally, and, if it's really necessary, Rocky, were waiting in the wings to save the Republic from its enemies who sought to overthrow it in 1972.

The newsmen were also satisfied. Satisfied that things were in worse trouble than they had thought. And satisfied that the Democrats, given four years and a popular mandate from the people, would probably screw things up just as badly, though they would have to work at it. So they left the conference knowing there was only one course to salvation for them. They headed for the nearest liquor store.

Albums Potpourri

by Dan Harmon

David Collom, manager of Tunes 'n Things in Columbia, was messing through a bunch of newly-released record albums behind the counter, getting pretty uptight because I was being pretty selective about which ones I wanted to review. Finally he just quit, gave me this critical look and demanded, "You just review the ones you wanna review? Is that it?" I said, "Yes."

This is true. Why should I waste my time listening to something I knew from the start I wouldn't like. If possible I do the ones I think I wouldn't mind having around. Consequently, a bad review doesn't necessarily mean a record is bad; it just didn't live up to my own hopes. Thought you should know that.

David finally shrugged and forked over three of my preferences, and I took them home and listened to them a few times with extreme care and attention, and here's how I liked them, so it is probably time for you to turn the page and read something else....

PRETTY MUCH YOUR STANDARD RANCHSTASH
Michael Nesmith
RCA

Yep, the album is pretty much that. Nesmith gets away with sounding like a hillbilly ultra-straight because the listeners know about his pop background and take this country stuff as mostly jest. But Nesmith has got it so down pat that we begin to wonder if that's all there is to it.

I for one have always enjoyed a little country music, though never a solid album

of it, but I suppose I like this one throughout. Nesmith does not offend any opinion toward country/western sounds, yet he exhibits charismatic authority. Even though I don't particularly care for the Hank Williams-sounding "Born to Love You" and some of the other junk, I find myself admiring Nesmith for doing it.

He doesn't have to couch the hillbilly flavor with a torrent of rock devices to the extent of those recording artists we refer to as country-rockers. Some of the guitar strumming sounds like it came from *Clyde Smucker Guitar Book No. 1*, which lends perhaps the ultimate in authenticity for this kind of music. Your standard ranch stash, you know, doesn't include virtuosity. The traditional train tragedy, "The F.F.V.," is narrated, unedited, to the backing of a fiddle and guitar just sort of messing around, and the narrator carries over into the famous "Uncle Pen," which might just make you decide to send your Doug Kershaw records back to the bayou. "Some of Shelly's Blues," a past Dirt Band hit written by Nesmith, is on side one. Others include "Winonah," about a lady alcoholic.

Some drums and percussion, but the C&W instrumentation predominates. Nesmith's vocals, all solo, are appropriate -- respectable, I should say.

INSIDE OUT

John Martyn

Island Records

I'm sure there is a motive behind the

innovative vocal technique of slurring up every word to make it impossible to understand the lyrics without following them written on the inner sleeve (and sometimes impossible even *with* following), but I don't really want to know what it is. At first the uniqueness grabbed my interest. I've never heard this kind of thing on a record before, or anywhere else, except when I was a child in some pleasant but listless mood when I might have screwed up a song like that just to be hearing myself sing corny. I certainly wouldn't have done it in front of people, and I wouldn't have believed anyone else would, either, until I heard this. There is a good deal of electronic jazz besides Martyn's voice; it doesn't sound really clever, either -- slightly different, but not clever.

The more I think about it, the firmer I'm convinced this album is just a mistake. But who knows? I felt the same way about Lou Reed's "Transformer" album, and everybody else loved it, and look where Reed is now (or was -- his latest, "Berlin," just got blasted right out of the *Stone*).

Honestly, I can't paint this all black. One song, "Look In," is fair-to-middling rock despite everything. If all the songs were on that level the thing might halfway work. But the experiments, some of which are quite elementary, usually stray out of the realm of effectiveness of that moaning non-singing.

'Nuff said. Save your money for gas.

BRAIN SALAD SURGERY

Emerson, Lake & Palmer

Manticore

Not only do I like this one best of the three; it is some of the best heavy stuff I've heard. I didn't listen to the words much, just lay back and inhaled the music, which sounds like a mod symphony, soaring with your emotions up the majestic, then swooping down briefly into moody crevices, and sometimes just playing around up in the sky.

The first song, "Jerusalem," is like a rock church anthem (ignoring the lyrics) which draws melodic ideas from the modern and the ancient. The next one, and instrumental called "Toccata," is a lengthy adaptation of a movement from a modern piano concerto. Sort of like the sound track from a suspense film, featuring a sustained-intensity drum solo by Carl Palmer and built on electronic effects, organ blasts, bells floating on dark drum rhythms, and the like. Then there is a ballad type, "Still You Turn Me On," and a rock-jazz "Bennie the Bouncer."

Beginning at the end of side one and continuing to the end of the album is "Karn Evil 9," a work in three "impressions," some of it with vocals. At times it is complex to the point where you cannot decide whether it is brilliant of just meaningless jumble. After a few spins I concluded it is pretty brilliant.

Keith Emerson's keyboard and synthesizer work make the show. Buy the album, and be glad the group didn't split up last spring.

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PG

Cinema

Disneyland Gone Wild

by John Norton
WESTWORLDStarring Yul Brynner, James Brolin, and
Richard Benjamin
starting December 21 at the Dutch Square
South Theatre

Try and imagine for a moment you're a twelve-year-old kid living around 1960, still the victim of an occasional Western dream fantasy. You're stalking the streets of Laredo, your six-gun slung low on your hip, your eyes steeled against the midday sun, ready for anything and anybody. You round a corner, and as you peer up the street through the heat and dust, your fantasy suddenly becomes a nightmare, for standing about the count of ten in front of you, legs spread and gunhand arched over the grip of his .44 is Yul Brynner, wearing his blacker-than-hell Magnificent Seven suit and an expression so severe as to rot away the insides of any 12-year old hero.

Scary, huh? But if you're in Westworld, you're only scared once, because no matter how slow you are, you've got the only gun that kills. And what a thrill to shoot Yul Brynner down—not just once, but as much as you like, 'cause every night they take him back to the factory and fix him up again.

Antecedents for most science fiction movie plotlines can be found in the work of science fiction writers of the Thirties and earlier. A bookshelf containing the works of H. G. Wells, Jules Verne, and either 1984 or *Brave New World* will include the themes of 99.9% of sci-fi films—which can generally be broken down as (a) Science gone mad, (b) Nature gone mad, or (c) the Human Race gone mad—often due to science, but sometimes due to other manifestations of human short-sightedness. We (or I) have yet to see a movie of speculative fiction which deals with a truly alien environment, which is not deeply anchored to the "world as we know it."

In this respect, *Westworld* is no groundbreaker. The plot falls into category (a)—Science gone mad—and as is true of most of its relatives, *Westworld*, when all the special effects are removed, is a simple moral tale with a near-impotent hero thrown in to add a touch of '70's relevance.

Richard Benjamin is the impotent hero (who else?), a corporate yes-man with money to burn and a yen for some "it is safe, isn't it?" adventure. Benjamin teams up with a friend, James Brolin (who overcomes his "Marcus Welby" handicap) and grabs a hovercraft to Delos, writer-director Michael Crichton's near-future answer for the adult who hasn't quite overcome the effects of adolescent pulp and comics reading and still yearns to be a Superhero (or, in the case of women, the object of that Superhero's desire.) Delos is a spicy, x-rated version of Disney World, offering three simulated heroic environments: Imperial Rome, complete with short swords, togas, and obsequious slave girls; Medieval Europe offers jousting, armor plate, and desirable damsels in feigned distress; and Westworld, a low-slung, shoot-em-up version of the Old Wild West, including barroom brawls, dusty showdowns in the streets, and bordello beauties.

The women, along with the gunslingers, Black Knights, gladiators, horses, lions,



Yul Brynner

snakes, and assorted permanent residents, are actually complicated robots, operated and coordinated by a fourth-generation computer. And do the ladies really...? Well, yes, but only the "lovemaking models." (I never did figure out how you can tell which are which. Something in their eyes, maybe.) As for the automated males, you can stab them or hack them or blow holes through them with your .44; they bleed and die just like real people. The robots are so lifelike, you can identify them only by looking at their palms; but as Brolin (who's visiting for the second time) demonstrates to Benjamin, there's no real danger. The guns (and presumably the swords, lances, etc.) malfunction is directed against an object exuding sufficient heat to indicate it's a live human being.

There are few plot surprises in *Westworld*; anyone who's watched t.v. will have a good idea of what's to come after they view a scene early in the movie. During a meeting of top Duros scientists and executives, a white-smocked professorial type fills in the audience on the technological history which made Delos possible, pointing out along the way that "Of course, we still don't completely understand *how* these machines work." Uh oh. Put that together with the ads currently running every half hour or so on Columbia radio—"Westworld, where nothing can go wrong...go wrong...go wrong"—and you can sit back and concentrate on the acting and special effects.

If you're familiar with Yul Brynner's android appearance in his earlier westerns, you may find his performance in *Westworld* akin to self-parody: take away the touch of

through it all and comes out—not on top—but at least alive. If you like Benjamin, he won't get in the way—me, I'm about ready for a new spineless hero. James Brolin, whom nighttime soap opera fans will recognize as Marcus Welby, M. D.'s partner in the fight against disease, is good as a cocky, 35-ish adolescent going back to Westworld for his second helping of pseudo-adventure. (I knew it was hopeless, but I kept thinking, "maybe Benjamin will get it first.")

The special effects range from competent to excellent; you've seen the computer's flashing lights before and—if you saw *The Andromeda Strain*—Crichton's fascination with electronic communication. The effects employed to convey the feeling that the human actors are robots are generally convincing, and even when they don't work, as in a series of scenes where we see through the Brynner robot's infra-red eyes, they still strike at your sense of wonder.

Although simplistic moral lessons are not limited to science fiction films, they certainly seem to thrive in them, and *Westworld* follows in that tradition. One moral standby peculiar to this and other sci-fi films is: Don't Screw Around With Things You Don't Understand (Completely) or Are You Sure That's Not a Monster You're Building? In *Westworld* this concept is tied to another: Your Sins Will Find You Out or You Can't Expect to Get Away With All This Make-Believe Sex and Violence.

Of course, I realize a complication (i.e., realistic) moral structure can easily get in the way of a film's entertainment value, but that's just the point: *Westworld* is highly entertaining speculative fantasy, and I totally enjoyed it; but I'm still waiting for producers, directors, and writers willing to attempt the kind of mind-boggling work of imagination for which 2001 has prepared us.

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Food

A Greek Delight

by Bob Conly

(Editor's note: This is the first in a series of reviews of metropolitan Columbian eating establishments.)

THE EPICUREAN 1736 Main Street

There has been a rapid increase in the number of Columbia restaurants claiming to offer "fine dining." Many of those restaurants, of course, offer only pretense and prepared plastic food, and few take advantage of the extraordinary seafood and produce available locally.

The Epicurean on Main Street in downtown Columbia is one of the few which is doing so. It serves first rate ingredients,

skillfully and imaginatively cooked. The restaurant is the good but plain Jane Elite by day, and makes a Cinderella transformation into the elegant "Epicurean" at night.

My recent dinner there with my wife and another couple was thoroughly enjoyable. The meal started with an interesting plate of appetizers. In addition to really good small cucumber pickles, pickled okra and peppers, the plate featured a delicious greek appetizer pastry, tiropetas, made of cream cheese and feta cheese wrapped in flaky thin rolls of pastry. Two of us had greek salad instead of the regular salad. It was excellent with ample amounts of feta cheese, fresh lettuce, and thin slices of mild onion. I was

disappointed by the salad's ordinary ripe olives, instead of the greek olives I had expected. The standard salad is plentiful and good, although the dressings were mediocre. The servings are generous, so you need not have the greek salad if you want to save your appetite for the spectacular entrees.

The entrees were, first of all, beautiful to look at. Before. As I started to eat, I felt that the meal had been prepared by someone who loves food and cares about my enjoyment of it. My broiled whole flounder was perhaps the most delicious fish I have had in a restaurant. Its freshness was enhanced by perfect preparation. The

Shrimp Island of Scorpions, large shrimp cooked in a casserole with tomato, pamento onion and a white sauce with Ouso was of nearly equal quality. The lamb in the Souvlakia, Greek shish ke-bab was tender, moist and tasty. With the lamb one was served a delicious greek pasta which tasted fresh although it is imported from Greece. The Imperial Crab was good although it was a little dry and blandly seasoned.

Each of us had the Epicurean Potato which is mashed potato mixed with cheese and bits of ham enclosed in a thin crisp crust. Although none of us ordered steak, they were very large and beautifully prepared.

Our wine was a pleasant California Blanc de Blanc. It was fresh and fruity with a touch of sweetness and enough body to stand up to carefully seasoned food. This wine, like many white wines, will deteriorate quickly if stored badly; our bottle was in perfect condition. The wine list is skimpy; a restaurant which prepares such exceptional fish dishes should offer more than three unexceptional white wines.

The marvelous dinner did have one significant flaw -- the service. I accept and even appreciate waiting for our entrees, complex dishes prepared individually for us rather than ahead of time as is sometimes the way in Columbia. I did not appreciate the attitude of the waitress, which was, in a word, brusk. It was what you would expect in a truck stop on the New York Thruway, rather than in a fine restaurant in South Carolina. Perhaps she is normally more cheerful and competent. Since first rate service is so rare in Columbia, you may not be bothered by the service in The Epicurean.

The decor is gussied-up-main-street-cafe style. Fortunately it is unobtrusive.

The prices were reasonable. Our entrees, which were among the most expensive, were about \$5, including the salad and appetizer. Our fifth of wine was \$4.50.

The Epicurean is a uniquely enjoyable restaurant, and a good value.

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Theatre Forgetting The Nazi in The Hall

by Dan Lackey

The Diary of Anne Frank

by Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett
at Town Theatre

The Works of Anne Frank

by Anne Frank

The publicity releases for *The Diary of Anne Frank* at Town Theatre printed in the *State* on December 2, includes the following paragraph:

"Although the play is a compassionate chapter on the terrors of harmless and innocent people forced to hide for their lives during World War II, it is never grim. This dramatization of a teen-ager's diary during two years of secret confinement with her family is an endearing and often even comic portrait of the day to day existence of a group of people living under strained circumstances."—And included in the release is the photo of three of the actors—presumably in action, and one of them is a pretty Southern girl with three names, Belle Meade Heckel, who will play the lead, and who is staring off into space, dreaming perhaps, as Anne Frank was want to do in the claustrophobic confines of the Secret Annex, dreaming of artistic fame.

The paragraph from the publicity release is unfortunately an accurate description of the play by Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett. I quote it because it shows far better than I can how *The Diary of Anne Frank* is not only inadequate to the task of describing a sense of the Nazi holocaust, but how the play ignores it. Anne Frank's vital diary should not have set the boundaries of the play's perspective, but should have been an invaluable document in the construction of a play with a wider lens, a play that would include, perhaps in stylized fashion, something of the world outside the Secret Annex, hints of the horrors that surrounded the hiding place and awaited its inhabitants. Neither the play or the diary itself would have any significance whatsoever had not 110 to 130 thousand Dutch Jews and German Jew emigrants to the Netherlands, fifteen-year-old Anne Frank among them, not been deported to Westerbork, Bergen-Belson, and Auschwitz in cattle cars, impounded and murdered. I've had the feeling that school teachers and community theaters choose this play so often because they think—subconsciously—that its moral intent is so beyond reproach and so a guarantee of audience acceptance. But the moral intent of the play is well within reproach. Implicit in it is the refusal to see the implications of such large scale evil as the Franks fell victims to. To attempt to construct what resembles a merely domestic drama in view of what we know of the fate of the Secret Annex occupants is even a kind of immorality—at this point in time. To celebrate the death of Anne Frank in the numbing wake of the massive tragedy is understandable, but thirty years hence it is maudlin and wrong. The play's entire perception of this great tragedy can be compared in a smaller scale to singer Anita Bryant's perception of the Vietnam plague: naive, sentimental, falsely heroic, with a seeming incapacity to register genuine horror, to really see the ugly. The play *The*

Diary of Anne Frank is as little concerned with Nazism as *The Sound of Music*. Yet, this is consistent. People do not want to acknowledge the ugly, and our publicity director knows this and hastens to assure us that the play is "an endearing and often even comic portrait of the day to day existence of a group of people living under strained circumstances." Strained circumstances, indeed. Anne Frank is reported to have died peacefully. But surely the Secret Annex must have seemed an idyllic alcove her last days in the Bergen-Belson death camp.

Ernest Hemingway, in a bitter satirical piece entitled "A Natural History of the Dead" expresses my point exactly. Hemingway relates the story of Mungo Park who found himself God-forsaken and dying in the middle of an African desert. But Mungo Park was theologically faithful. As he fell worn and exhausted to the sand one last time he spotted a tiny flower no bigger than his thumb, and rejoiced that if God could spare this tiny flower He would certainly not forget Mungo himself. And his faith revived him. Mungo Park did persevere, and he *was* saved, and he *did* give the glory to God. Hemingway found such faith incredible and wondered aloud what poppies to glorify a persevering traveler like Mungo Park would find on a more spiritually exacting desert—a battlefield strewn with corpses. Hemingway adopts the tone of certain quasi-scientific nineteenth century naturalists—reverent wonderment—and proceeds with a sordid description of the dead in war. What Hemingway is satirizing, of course, is Mungo Park's dumbfounded sentimental faith, devoid of outrage, in the face of universal injustice. The play *The Diary of Anne Frank* asks that we—only imagining the size of the Nazi holocaust—assume the foolish role of the persevering traveler Mungo Park, void ourselves of courage, and that we furthermore regard Anne Frank, steeped in legend, as the lone poppy on the corpse-strewn battlefield, forgetting that that fragile flower, too, was vanquished.

Town Theatre's production of the play is frankly inane. The only thing that can be said for Mr. Ridolfo's direction is that he certainly strives to give each and every audience member the feeling—literally—of having been trapped and confined in a warehouse apartment for two years plus. Except for Hank Wilson who plays the role of Peter with hyper-tension, and Sally Crawford and Kenneth Graham who appear throughout as the Dutch assistants, there is hardly a believable line spoken on stage the whole night long. Two weeks ago I reported that the cast of Workshop Theatre's *A Touch of the Poet* were mostly bad, but it was certainly obvious that they were trying. That cannot be said of most of the cast of *Anne Frank* although Ronald J. Boyer in the part of Dussell expends a physical energy better saved for Roman comedy and would have been better had he *not* tried. I fortunately dropped in for a ticket on the eve of the opening and decided to stay for the final dress rehearsal thus sparing myself the humiliation of having paid to be bored to

death. Late elementary and early junior high age children composed most of the audience and were not quite reverent though I'm sure they were told that this was culture. Mr. Ridolfo explained before the play that he would be walking around and sitting in various parts of the auditorium and that he would be speaking notes into a small portable tape recorder. I'm sure Mr. Ridolfo must have known what it feels like to be sweeping dirt off the ground. What could he say? At one point while the play was in progress (more or less) he walked emphatically to the stage and moved a prop from point A three feet left to point B. This may illustrate to some an exquisite eye for detail, but I know from experience that when one doesn't know what to do with the people on stage he fiddles with trivial things.

One can call a play "philosophically naive" and yet, if he likes the theatre, still hope for a good performance of it, as I hoped for a good performance a week ago Thursday of *The Diary of Anne Frank* at Town Theatre after having spent three days in the reading of Anne Frank's *Diary* and supplementary works and having something of a feel for what life must have been like in the Secret Annex. But even what—in my opinion—is the finest moment in the play was done ineptly and so destroyed. I am thinking of the Hanukkah song at the close of the first act. The members of the Secret Annex are celebrating Hanukkah with presents and suddenly there is a terrible crash of something below. And all are terrified, thinking: This is the end...Yet when it all seems safe they proceed with a song of Hanukkah—a lovely statement about their community and about a tradition that will not be destroyed. The stage directions of my copy of the script read: "They are still singing as the curtain falls." And they should be singing softly, tenuously at first, and the gain of enthusiasm in the song should *not* be in *volume* but in a sense of the solidarity among the singers. Why does Mr. Ridolfo crescendo the song to a loud "Hoy!" as if the Annex inhabitants were robust drunks in a Bavarian bar? Why does he forget the Nazis outside?

The diary itself (published in *The Works of Anne Frank* as *The Diary of a Young Girl*) should be recommended in lieu of a trip to Town Theatre. Anne Frank wrote well and though pre-occupied with budding self-hood, many diary entries catch the frightful lingering stink of forced confinement. I do not find, naturally, a philosopher brooding over the century's most apocalyptic evil but rather an ostentatious extrovert under "strained circumstances" forcing verbal energy through the tip of a pen for sanity's sake. Anne Frank, strange as it may seem, *wrote of her adventure* not despair, but with a retrospective knowledge of her fate—one thinks of prisoners' tortured in empty solitude working math to keep their minds from cumbering. The headmistress of the Montessori School (now the Anne Frank) School once said that Anne did not show early promise and that many of her students

wrote with more imagination and feeling than did she, but given this, it is hard to imagine a comparatively average American child.

The Diary is a drudging chronology but oddly enough it has a climax right near the point where a climax should be in a book. The April 11, 1944, entry tells of two days when all were certain they would be caught. Anne describes eight people in a single dark room with only a waste can for a toilet, and describes it well:

"Talk, whispers, fear, stink, flatulation, and always someone on the pot; then try to go to sleep! However, by half past two I was so tired that I knew nothing until half past three. I awoke when Mrs. Van Daan laid her head on my foot."

Anne is not merely scribbling for the family record. She has a modest sense of a writer's responsibility. In the middle of the entry from which the above passage is taken is the notation: END OF PART ONE. The literary device she chooses for the whole diary, however, betrays the writer as Anne the Child. I see Anne in the Secret Annex playing house, not with real dolls but with literary miniatures of the people she is living with. The *Works*, in addition to *The Diary*, include many of Anne's little stories which doodle on history like Vonnegut's fantasy of the firebombing of Dresden.

I read *The Diary* in the spirit of a play by Samuel Becket called *Waiting for Godot* in which two feeble clown-like characters wait the duration of a theatrical evening for a mysterious "Godot," who may be anyone or anything, and who never arrives. Yet I knew this time that Godot would arrive as evil incarnate in the Dutch Green Police. Anne's diary ends too soon. She can never tell what she thought of *them*. The Diary wears on like day after day in the Secret Annex and in three days of reading, even while weary of it, I became attached to it, and I found myself jolted at the close to think that Anne would never tell me of her new captivity. Could she have ever written at Auschwitz?

With earnest tears, and in a book *Anne Frank: A Portrait of Courage*, a man named Ernst Shnabel follows Anne's trail. He interviews forty-two people who knew Anne Frank, among them Lies P. who was Anne's best friend in Amsterdam. Lies describes Anne at their reunion in Bergen-Belson after three years separation in the dark of Occupied Holland.

"It was Anne and I ran in the direction of the voice, and then I saw her beyond the barbed wire. She was in rags. I saw her emaciated sunken face in the darkness. Her eyes were very large. We cried and cried for now there was only the barbed wire between us, nothing more."

The teenager's diary cannot fill the tragic beauty of her own bitter silhouette behind barbed wire at the Bergen-Belson death camp. The Goodrich-Hackett play can't touch *The Diary*. And Town Theatre can't do the play. Innocent as the poppy flower, Belle Meade Heckel curtsies at the curtain call and smiles and Anne Frank is gone with the wind.

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EVENTS & entertainments

December 19 - January 4

cinema

If you're thinking about going to a movie, call ahead to verify times and shows. Many area theatres are subject to last-minute changes.

ATLANTIC I THEATRE, 3220 Two Notch Road, 787-1225

"The Fury of the Black Belt". Yes, friends, another Kung Fu movie for your pre-Christmas viewing. Rated R. Shows at 3:30, 5:30, 7:30, and 9:30 p.m.

ATLANTIC II THEATRE, 3220 Two Notch Road, 787-1225

"Male Chauvinist Pig". Come and see the porcine lover...or, something to that effect. Shows are continuous from 3:30 p.m. onwards. Rated X.

CAROLINA THEATRE, 1223 Main Street, 252-8011

"The Chinese Professionals". Oy, another Kung Fu Ching King treat. Let's retire it before it wears itself out. Times at 1, 3, 5, 7, and 9 p.m.

DUTCH SQUARE NORTH THEATRE, Dutch Square Shopping Center, 798-1110

"Papillon" is the Irvin-Fuller Theatre's Christmas gift to Columbians. It's the true story of a Frenchman escaping from a prison camp, based on the bestseller. Starring Steve McQueen and Dustin Hoffman. This one should be really great, so hurry on down. It starts Wednesday, December 19.

DUTCH SQUARE SOUTH THEATRE, Dutch Square Shopping Center, 798-1100

"Executive Action" is still showing for the fifth big week. It explores the possibility of a conspiracy that assassinated Kennedy, and not Lee H. Oswald. Times at 2:00, 3:45, 5:30, 7:15, and 9:00 p.m. Rated PG.

"Westworld" with James Brolin, Yul Brynner, and Richard Benjamin premieres Friday, December 21 at the Dutch Square South. The screenplay is by Michael Crichton of "Andromeda Strain" movie and bestseller. This is supposed to be a really strange film about a man who takes the vacation-wish-fulfillment journey of his life, complete with robots, saloons, and murders. Sounds really interesting... Call the theatre for details.

FOX THEATRE, 1607 Main Street, 254-5212

"The Seven-Ups" with Roy Schneider from "The French Connection" stars in this cops and robbers and dope fiends and chase movie. The promo reads "the most electrifying chase in screen entertainment"; so, if you're a car freak, this one is for you. Starts Wednesday, December 19. Call the theatre for details.

GAMECOCK I THEATRE, Parkland Shopping Center, Cayce, S. C., 796-0022

"Walking Tall" is still here and aren't you happy? Please, let's get rid of this one before it gets rid of us. Rated R for good reason. Times are 2:40, 4:50, 7:00, and 9:10 p.m.

GAMECOCK II THEATRE, Parkland Shopping Center, Cayce, S. C., 796-0022

"Don't Look in the Basement", another horro flick is still running. Rated R for rotten. Times at 2:30, 4:15, 6:00, 7:45, and 9:30 p.m.

JEFFERSON SQUARE THEATRE, Jefferson Square, Downtown, 254-6731

"The Outside Man" with Angie Dickinson, Ann-Margret, and Jean-Louis Trintignant. This is full of women and murders and personal misfortune—or something to that effect. But we LOVED Jean-Louis in "The

Conformist" and "A Man and A Woman" so if you're a fan, go to it. Showtimes at 1:40, 3:30, 5:20, 7:10, and 9:00 p.m. Rated PG.

"The Sting" with Robert Redford and Paul Newman and Robert Shaw opens at the Jefferson Square Theatre on Christmas Day. Seems to be about some con men, and Redford and Newman play this type well.

MIRACLE THEATRE, 1226 Main Street, 256-1950

"American Graffiti" is still here for the eighth week. Times at 1:20, 3:20, 5:20, 7:20, and 9:20 p.m. Rated PG.

PALMETTO THEATRE, 1417 Main Street, 256-1950

"The Way We Were" has been held over for the fifth week. With Barbra Streisand and Robert Redford. Showtimes at 1, 3, 5, 7, and 9 p.m.

"Jonathan Livingston Seagull" is the Palmetto Theatre's Christmas gift to Columbians. It has gotten consistently poor reviews, but its scenery is almost worth it. Call the theatre for details.

"The Rock and Roll Years" and "Go, Johnny Go" are the double-features being brought to you as the special late movies at the Palmetto this Friday and Saturday nights, December 21 and 22. Call the theatre for times and details.

PLAZA III THEATRE, 1323 Main Street, 254-7960

"The Godchildren" of unknown origin or taste is supposedly about the children of the Godfather. We doubt it. Rated R. Times at 1:00, 2:40, 4:20, 6:00, 7:40, and 9:20 p.m.

RICHLAND MALL THEATRE, Richland Mall Shopping Center, 782-2228

"Vanishing Point" is here again with all the great racing scenes that made this film a winner. Rated PG. Showtimes at 1, 3, 5, 7, and 9 p.m.

Starting Friday, December 21, is "Robin Hood", a Walt Disney feature for the kiddies. Call the theatre for details.

All campus films will resume when the University of South Carolina begins its spring semester. We'll let you know when the best films in Columbia are back on.

art

The AMERICAN WATERCOLOR SOCIETY has its show at the Columbia Museum of Art starting December 12 and running through January 2. It can be viewed at the Trustees Corridor.

DEREK SOUTHWALL, a visiting professor from England at the University of South Carolina, shows his unusual unstretched canvas paintings in the North Gallery of the Museum. His students respect him as a truly fine artist, and we don't want the University's Art Department to let him get away.

PORCELAIN CHESS SET by Cybis, the fine French ceramics studio is on view in the Historical Gallery of the Museum.

GRAPHICS OF STEPHEN NEVITT are on view in the East-West Gallery. We haven't seen his work before, but if you're strolling through the Museum, take a look.

JASPER JOHNS the superstar of prints and paintings in New York will show his paintings at Betsy Havens' Aesthetics on November 30 through December 30. This is Betsy's Christmas gift to Columbia and take advantage of it. Other fine painters showing their work are Phil Mullen, Jay Bardin, Warren Johnson, Bruce Millette, and Boyd Saunders; with John Davis, Geff Reed, and Tom Turner showing their pottery, and jewelry designers and artists Bill Jameson, Ronald Pearson, and Sam Ross. Eat your hearts out...

SHERRY HOOVER, watercolor artist, has her show at the Ellis Art Shop on Devine Street just up from Five points. If you like watercolors, this is for you.

CHARLES WARREN CALLISTER's photographic exhibit of his architectural work depicts the unique combination of romantic mood with clarity of line, well-represented in this collection of residential, church, and commercial design. Callister is from the San Francisco Bay Area and was educated at the University of Texas. If you like architecture and design and are up Clemmons way, take it in at the Lee Hall Gallery at the College of Architecture, open to the public from 8:30 a.m. to 4:30 p.m. Monday through Friday.

specials

THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH OR ANYWHERE, for that matter is coming to earth (or sky) this week. Beginning December 1, the brightest comet of the century, Kohoutek, will be visible with he naked eye in Columbia, about an hour before sunrise. Take a look a little less than 30 degrees south of where the sun will rise, and you ought to see it.

If you miss it this week, don't worry. It should be visible through January. But try to get a look at it sometime soon, 'cause it won't be back for 75,000 years.

MELTON OBSERVATORY at the University of South Carolina will open one hour earlier during December and January because of outstanding phenomena visible during these months. The observatory will be open from 7:30 to 10:30 p.m. Monday evenings during December because of the visibility of the planet Venus, and during January because of the visibility of the comet Kohoutek, expected to be the brightest comet known to mankind. Special appointments may be arranged by contacting the USC Department of Physics and Astronomy, 777-8197.

television

Wednesday, December 19

8:30 p.m.—Firing Line. Bill Buckley takes on a longtime critic of the Nixon administration, peacenik Allard Lowenstein, who started the "Dump Johnson" movement back in 1967. Bill and Al will talk about (you guessed it) Watergate, movements to impeach The Trick, and the White House tapes, or what's left of 'em. (Channel 35).

11:30 p.m.—Liza Minnelli is one of the main guests on the Dick Cavett show. (Channel 25). By the way, Cavett is being cut to two night per month early in January, allegedly, so if your interested why not write ABC or WOLO to complain.

1 a.m.—The Tomorrow Show with host Tom Snyder delves into another volatile issue of the times.

Thursday, December 20

9 p.m.—"Gunfight at the O.K. Corral" starring Burt Lancaster and Kirk Douglas. The film, 1957, traces events leading up to the celebrated shootout of Oct. 26, 1881 which produced the the names of Wyatt Earp and Doc Holliday for history. Frankie Laine sings the title song. (Channel 19).

10 p.m.—NBC Follies—Sammy Davis Jr., Tennessee Ernie Ford, Florence Henderson and Jack Cassidy team up with a bunch of dancers and singers for a gala Christmas special. The usual idiotic crap. (Channel 10)

11:30 p.m.—Dick Cavett Show—Author Isaac Bashevis Singer ("A Crown of Feathers") is one of the guests. (Channel 25).

Friday, December 21

8 p.m.—Fiesta Bowl—Ah, yes, folks, the excitement of intercollegiate football(?) is back on the airwaves. This is the one you've all been waiting for (?) The University of Pittsburgh who had a 6-4-1 record this year meets Arizona State in the third annual Fiesta Bowl at Tempe, Arizona.

10 p.m.—The Advocates—If you're up for some heavy current events dialogue on Friday night late the Advocates is good stuff. On tap this week in the PBS Fight of the Week is a

debate concerning "Should Israel withdraw from occupied territories in exchange for a U.S. guarantee of security?" Only da Sheik knows for sure. (Channel 35)

11:30 p.m.—Little Dickie Cavett is back on for the best week in Television land. We love him. (Channel 25)

Saturday, December 22

4 p.m.—USC Basketball—In of their most important games of the year, the Gamecocks travel to Indiana to play the highly rated Hoosiers. USC upset them last year in Carolina Coliseum and this should be a pretty even contest. (Channel 10).

9 p.m.—Saturday Night at the Movies—"Fitzwilly," stars Dick Van Dyke and Barbara Feldon.

11:30 p.m.—Cinema Ten—"It

Happened One Summer" with Jean Crain, Dick Haymes, Daga Andrews, Vivian Blaine. (Channel 10)

1 a.m.—The Late Show—"A Certain Smile" stars Rossano Brazzi, Joan Fontaine, Bradford Dillman, and Christine Carere. (Channel 10).

Sunday, December 23

8:30 p.m.—Movie—"A Doll's House," starring Jane Fonda in the lead role, will be screened on television for the first time. Many Columbians who saw the recent version of "A Doll's House," starring Claire Bloom, at the local theatre, are familiar with the thematic line, which concerns a woman who seeks liberation from a untenable relationship with her husband who treats her like a child. The Henrik Ibsen play was one of the first stage works to deal with the issues surrounding women's awareness. (Channel 25).

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